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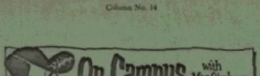

THE MANY LOVES OF THORWALD DOCKSTADER

When Thorwald Dockstader—sophomore, epicure, and sportsman—first took up smoking, he did not simply choose the first brand of cigarettes that came to hand. He did what any sophomore, epicure, and sportsman would do: he sampled several brands until he found the very best—a mild, rich, flavorful smoke—an endless source of comfort and satisfaction—a smoke that never failed, never failed to please—a smoke that age could not wither nor custom stale—a filter cigarette with an unfiltered taste—Marlboro, of course!

Similarly, when Thorwald took up girls, he did not simply select the first one who came along. He sampled. First he dated an English literature major named Elizabeth Barrett Schwartz, a wisp of a girl with large, luminous eyes and a soul that shimmered with a pale, unearthly beauty. Trippingly, trippingly, she walked with Thorwald upon the beach and sat with him behind a windward dune and listened to a conch shell and sighed sweetly and took out a little gold pencil and a little morocco notebook and wrote a little poem:

I will lie upon the shore,
I will be a dreamer,
I will feel the sea once more,
Pounding on my femur.

Thorwald's second date was with a physical education major

He did not simply select the first one who came along...

named Peaches Glendower, a broth of a girl with a rosy smile and a size 18 neck. She took Thorwald down to the cinder track where they did 100 laps to open the pores. Then they played four games of squash, six sets of tennis, 36 holes of golf, nine innings of one o'cat, six chukkers of lacrosse, and a mile and a quarter of leapfrog. Then they went ten rounds with eight ounce gloves and had heaping bowls of whey and exchanged a firm handshake and went home to their respective whirlpool baths.

Thorwald's final date was with a golden-haired, creamy-browed, green-eyed, red-lipped, full-calved girl named Totsi Sigafoos. Totsi was not majoring in anything. As she often said, "I see whilliken, what's college for anyhow—to fill your head full of icky old facts, or to discover the shining essence that is YOU?"

Totsi started the evening with Thorwald at a luxurious restaurant where she consumed her own weight in Cornish ruck hen. From there they went to a deluxe movie palace where Totsi had popcorn with butter. Then she had a bag of chocolate covered raisins—also with butter. Then they went to a seedy ballroom and did the Twist till dawn, tipping the band every eight bars. Then they went to a Chinese restaurant where Totsi, unable to translate the menu, solved her problem by ordering one of everything. Then Thorwald took her to the women's dorm, boosted her in the window, and went downtown to wait for the employment office to open.

While waiting, Thorwald thought over all of his girls and came to a sensible decision. "I think," he said to himself, "that I will stick with Marlboros. I am not rich enough for girls."

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Marlboro, however, is rich enough for anybody. It takes mighty good tookin's to give you unfiltered taste in a filter cigarette. That's the flavor you get in the famous Marlboro recipe from Richmond, Virginia. You get a lot to like.

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